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character which it still retains. Since 1804, M. Stegmann has conducted it.

"Twenty-six years possession of a German newspaper, is assuredly a title on which Journalists might pique themselves. This gentleman has refused all offers of place or reward, some French Journals have accused the *Gazette d'Augsbourg* of being in the pay of Prince Metternich, but this is too weak a charge to deserve a moment's credit. All that can be said, is, that the *Gazette* sometimes receives official articles, which come directly or indirectly from Prince Metternich.

"The *Gazette* has not more than four or five thousand subscribers, and yet its expenses are enormous, nothing is spared to ensure the best correspondents.

With respect to French news, you will see beside its correspondence from Lyons, the *Gazette* will publish the discourses of your deputies, though it is not always as liberal as one could wish, but on the whole, the *Gazette d'Augsbourg* has for the last thirty years, had the honour of giving the most faithful picture, and the best compendium of one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of man.

"Amongst the first after the *Gazette d'Augsbourg*, is the *Gazette du Necker* published at Stutgard, which from 1818 to 1821, had a reputation for ultraliberalism, at the period when the king of Wurtemberg appeared as the champion of

liberal ideas against Austria. Its present mark of distinction is its former liberalism. The *Courier of peace and war*, at Nuremberg, has not the general confidence. The Correspondent of *Hambourg* is but a concoction from other papers. The *Gazette of Bremen*, celebrated during 1813 and 1814 for its patriotism, has become a nullity. And the *Gazette de Cassel*, has only the very petty merit of quoting foreign prints, and particularly yours.

"The two official Journals of Germany, are the *Gazette of state, of Prussia*, and the *Austrian Observer*. They both represent the governments of which they are the organs. They *Austrian Observer* has a great horror of all independence and all discussion. It is not however an ultra, but condemns the ultras as much as it does the liberals.

The *Gazette of state of Prussia*, has not the tone of the *Observer*, it has long been occupied with the parliamentary discussions of England, France, and the United States: openly protects the cause of the Greeks, and takes great interest in the affairs of Russia. Two or three years since the censorship found the tone of the *Journal* too liberal, and would fain have quarrelled with the Editors, but the ministry took their part, and compelled the censors to cease their prosecution."

#### VARIETIES, FOREIGN.

I have abridged the following account of the late "jail delivery" at the Bicêtre, from the *Courier des Tribunaux*, as I fancied it might be of interest to your readers. A grand event has just thrown the Bicêtre into agitation. Yesterday all was misery and silence; these veterans in misfortune were wandering about the courts of the prison pale as ghosts, and weak as infants; to-day all is bustle and activity. Six and twenty men are sitting on the earth, a chain from thirteen to fourteen *metres* long, composed of heavy links, galls their ankles; at equal distances are attached two other chains about three feet long, to the extremities of which are joined iron triangles closing with a rivet. The head of the galley slave is passed through this triangle, which is so fitted that it is impossible to get it off the neck, while it is, at the same time, loose

enough not to do injury; this done, an assistant holds up the iron to prevent the blows from recoiling upon the chest, while another with a strong arm and a heavy hammer, strikes in the rivet. The two galley slaves thus attached are "comrades of the chain," and are compelled to walk together side by side; it is thus that the string is usually composed in couples. Six strings of this description, comprising in all 152 galley slaves, were constructed yesterday and to day. Of this number about 80 come from the department du Var, where they had been condemned. The last chain which left the Bicêtre in April last, contained only 127. When the rivetting was finished the six strings of galley slaves seated themselves on the stone benches which surround the court, and soon after a departing song was chaunted, with many repetitions. Two

young men, comrades, sung the verse which was afterwards repeated in chorus by the rest, to the following effect:—

Si jamais je reviens des galères,

Je veux revenir millionnaire,

Et des forçats audoucir la misère, &c.

In the intervals between the songs, one of the strings of slaves perambulated the court, and asked alms of the other prisoners collected at their respective gratings; some threw them their old clothes, others *liards*, and a few *sous*, what almoners and what beggars! A number of waiters walked about with large pitchers of water to quench the thirst of the excited assemblage. Among the cries uttered to excite the compassion of the other prisoners, was a frequent exclamation on their wives followed by another, "Ah our wives! they are not here!" At length the general march commenced; cries were uttered, names pronounced, adieus repeated and exchanged at all the windows looking into the court yard, between those who were about to take their depar ure, and the tenants of the different cells. Among them were heard the expressions "Farewell!" "Adieu!" "Courage brothers, your turn will come!" &c. &c. At half-past eight a whistle was heard, and each string directed itself towards the corridor where it was to pass the night on some clean straw. In another quarter of an hour a second whistle, and Captain Noe, who had the conducting of the chain in charge, a man of equal courage and humanity, gave the word for "silence." The rattling of the chains, the hum of voices ceased at once, and all was still. It might have been almost supposed the abode of peace and happiness, but for the feeble light which occasionally glim-

mered from ring to ring, betraying the fetters which confined the guilty. The night was quiet: at four this morning twenty-two who remained were rivetted together without a word being uttered, and this operation concluded, the galley slaves were disposed in six different waggon. At five the song of departure was again raised: all the veterans of the Bicetre were under arms. A piquet of twenty horse Gendarmes occupied one side of the gate of the court-yard, on the other the military guard of the prison was drawn up in line. The gate was opened, and the first waggon passed through—the cries and singing recommenced:—"Farewell to Paris for ever!" "The gallees for ever!" "We shall be back soon," &c. and thus it went on till the whole had passed. Two or three of the convicts had their cats upon their laps, evidently destined to be the companions of their captivity. Almost all of them were smoking; and their faces hideous and vulgar, had an expression of the most frightful insensibility. One old man of 66 or 67, attracted much attention; he had been a schoolmaster, and from the extreme misery which he exhibited, it is not likely that his sufferings will be of very long duration. The famous thief Valentine too, condemned for innumerable robberies, perpetrated in the metropolis, excited the curiosity of the crowd. On the road the party amused themselves by nodding, laughing, and chattering with the mob, especially with the women, apparently insensible to the dullness of the day, and the heavy rain which falling on their ill-clothed bodies, added to the shocking effect of this last scene of this miserable and somewhat disgusting tragedy.

#### PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The new number of the Westminster Review is very respectable, though somewhat heavy. All the Magazines for July, that we have dipped into, are better than usual; perhaps there is a little lurking vanity in this candid avowal, for such of the literary papers as have noticed us at all, were kind enough to give us the palm from all our competitors. Of the London magazines, the British continues to be our favourite. We are indebted to the Athenæum of the 24th July, a very able and impartial Journal, for the following little poem on the death of George IV. from the pen of Mr. Bowles:

In obitum Regis desideratissimi Georgii IV.

Now that thine eyes are closed in death, and all  
The "glories of thy birth and state" and power  
Are passed, as the vain pageant of an hour,  
Ending in that poor corse, beneath that pall,  
The tribute of a Briton's love I pay,  
Not to the living king, but the cold clay  
Before me:—Let the throned and mighty call  
For worldly adulation. The pale dead  
Mocks him who offers it; but truth, instead,  
O'er the reft crown, shall say—"The king who  
wore,  
Wore it majestically, yet most mild—  
Meek mercy blessed the sceptre which he bore;  
Arts, a fair train, beneath his fostering smiled;  
And who could speak of sorrow but his eye  
Did glisten with a tear of charity?  
Oh! if defects the best and wisest have,  
Leave them, for pity leave them—to that God,  
That God who lifts the balance, or the rod,—  
And close, with parting prayer, the curtain o'er  
the grave."